

BOBBY
BENSON



NO. 15
10c

BOBBY BENSON'S

B-Bar-B RIDERS



GOLLY!
EVEN THE
GHOST RIDER
IS SCARED WHEN
HE MEETS
"THE FREAKS
OF
FEAR!"





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HURRY MAIL TODAY

BOBBY BENSON'S

B-Bar-B RIDERS

SHE WAS ONLY A KID — BUT SHE RODE A TRAIL OF TROUBLE AND LED THE B-BAR-B RIDERS INTO A FURY OF POUNDING FISTS AND SCREAMING GUNS! **DANGER** PLAYS LOADED DICE WITH **DEATH** WHEN BOBBY BENSON AND HIS FIGHTING PARDS HEAD FOR — **"RUSTLER'S ROUND-UP"**

GOLLY, WE'VE BEEN IN THE SADDLE ALL DAY — AND STILL HAVEN'T SEEN A THING!

I WISH WE COULD FIND **SOME** CLUE TO THIS SUDDEN RASH OF RUSTLING THAT'S BROKEN OUT!



NOW WHO CAN THAT LONE RIDER BE? **HEY, THERE — YOU ON THE HILL!**

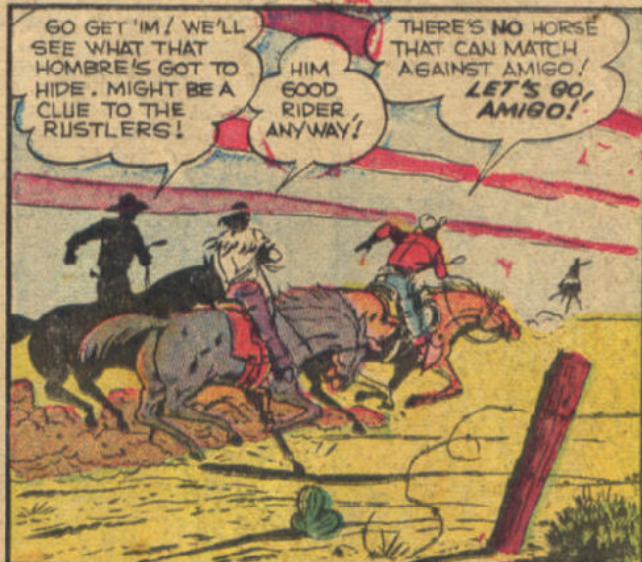
OUR LONE RIDER NOT SEEM TO WANT COMPANY. HE RUN AWAY. HE HAS SOMETHING TO HIDE, PERHAPS!



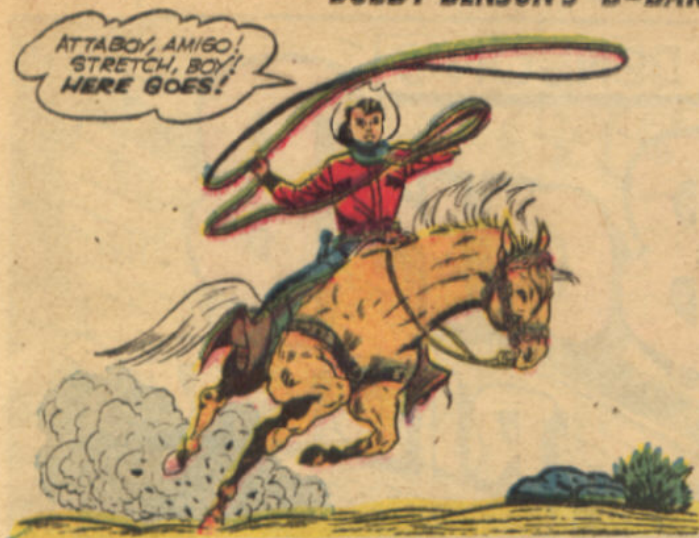
GO GET 'IM! WE'LL SEE WHAT THAT HOMBRE'S GOT TO HIDE. MIGHT BE A CLUE TO THE RUSTLERS!

HIM GOOD RIDER ANYWAY!

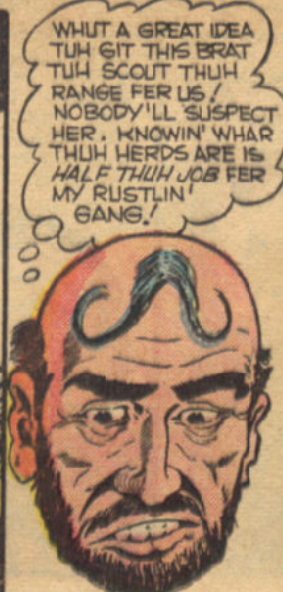
THERE'S NO HORSE THAT CAN MATCH AGAINST AMIGO! **LET'S GO, AMIGO!**



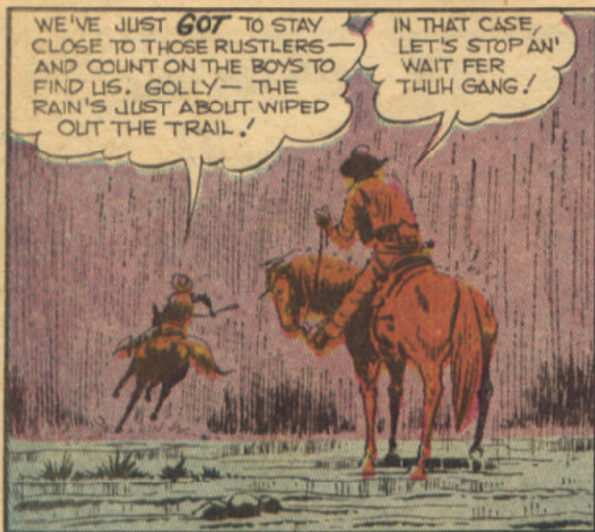
BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS



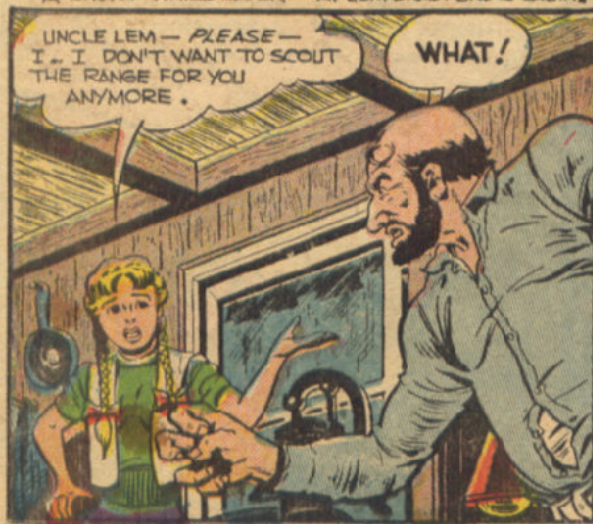
BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS



BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS



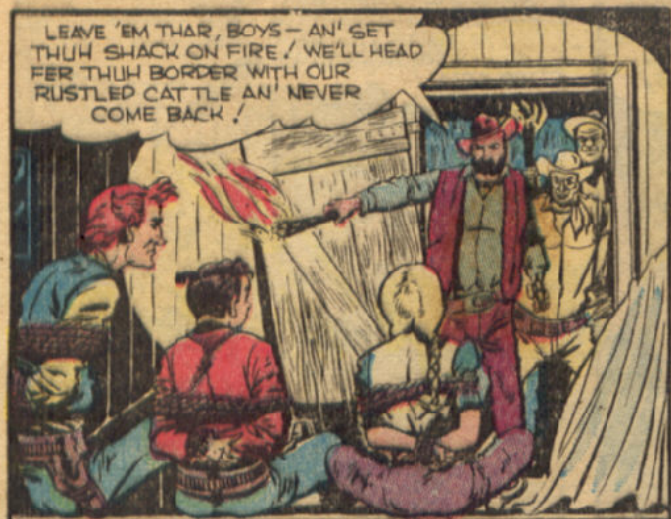
A SHORT WHILE LATER— AT LEM BRADFORD'S CABIN.



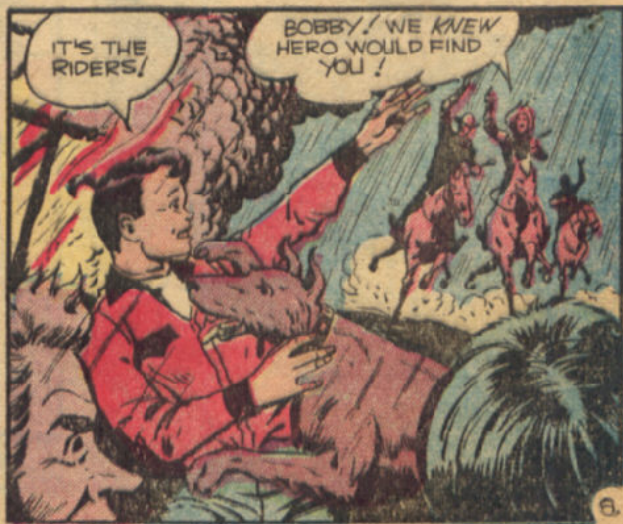
BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS



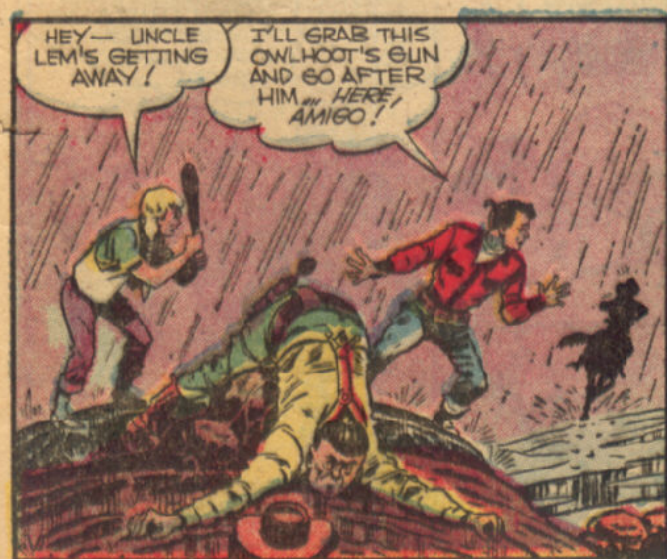
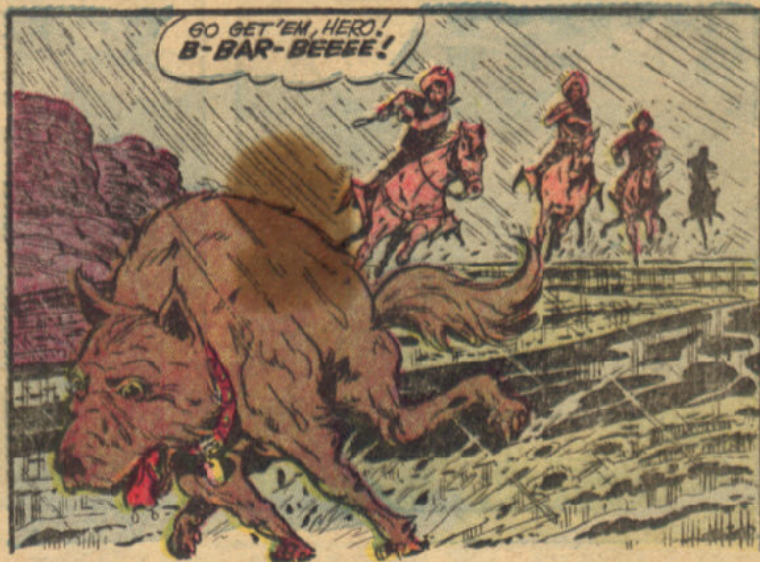
BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS



BOBBOY'S HEALTHY, STRONG YOUNG TEETH ARE UP TO THE JOB!!!



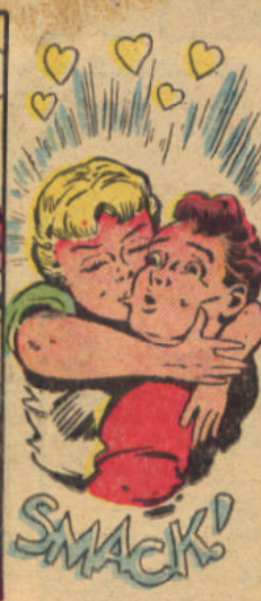
BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS

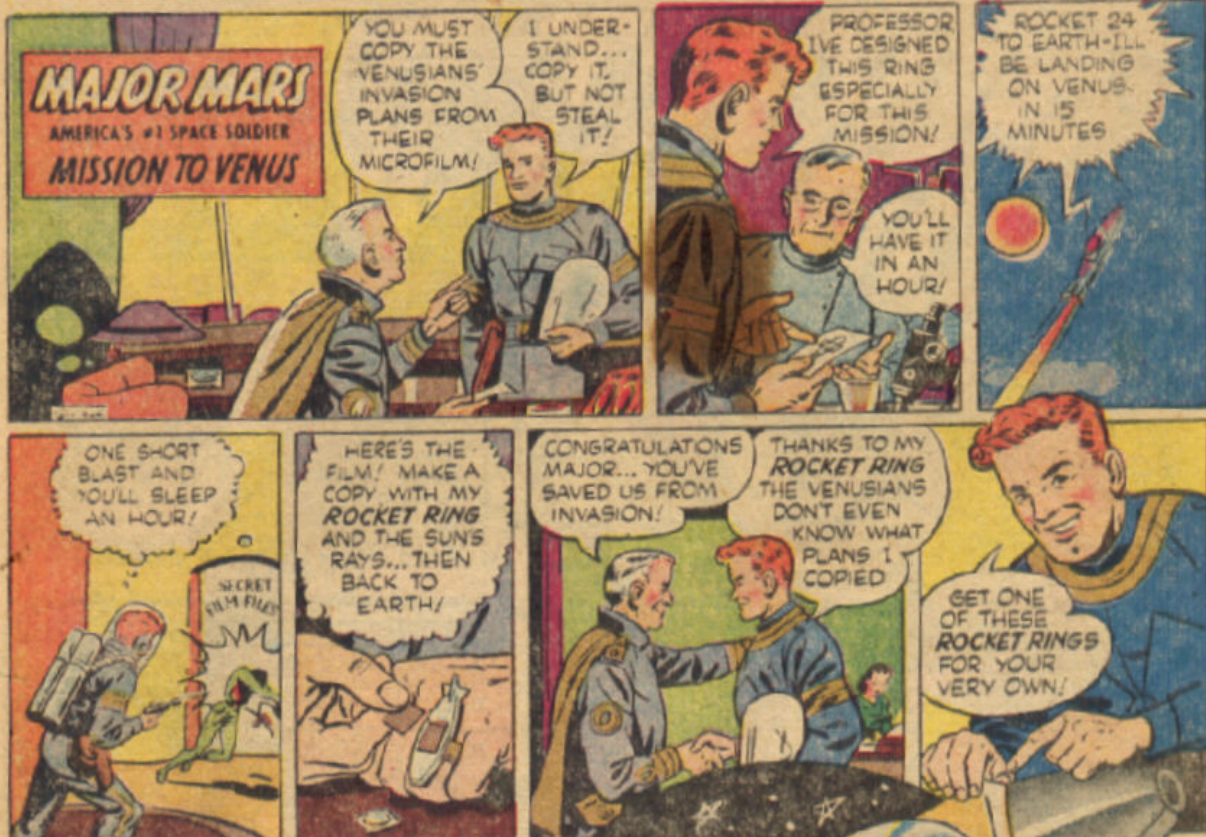


AS BOBBY AND AMIGO STREAK AFTER THE FLEEING RUSTLER LEADER...



BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS





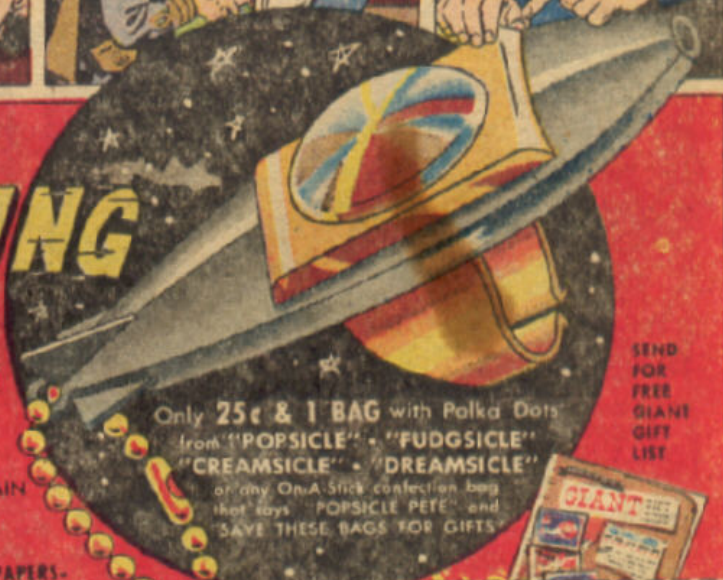
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GHOST RIDER

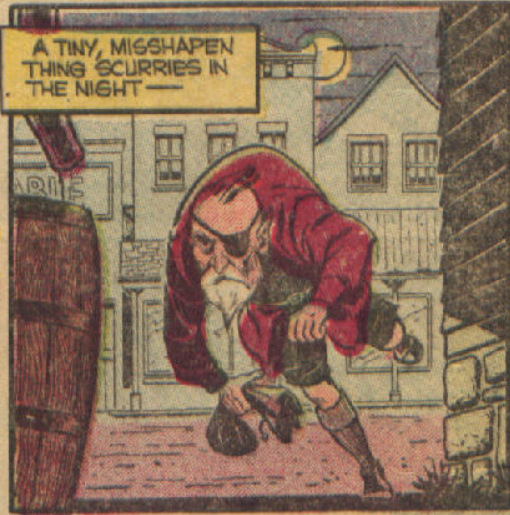
the

THINGS OF NIGHTMARE THEY ARE, TWISTED AND BENT AND WARPED—IN MIND AND BODY, FILLED WITH THE GREED THAT ALTERS MEN UNTIL THEY BECOME AS RAVENING BEASTS, THEY ATTACK ANY AND ALL MEN—GRASPING FOR THE GOLD THESE MEN MAY OWN—THREATENING DEATH EVEN TO **THE GHOST RIDER**, AS THE MAN OF THE MIDNIGHT HOURS HURLS HIMSELF AGAINST THE EVIL OF—

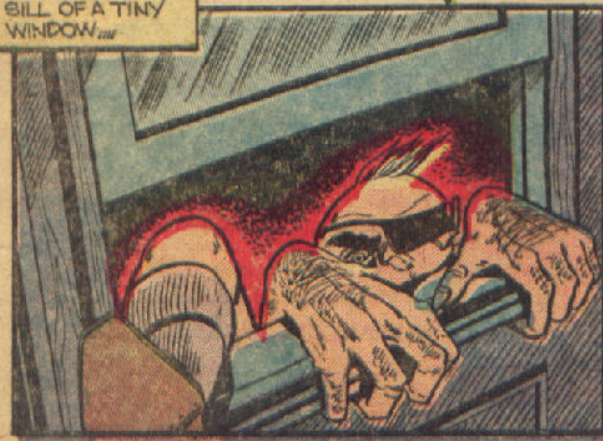
THE FREAKS OF FEAR!



A TINY, MISSHAPEN THING SCURRIES IN THE NIGHT—



HAIRY HANDS REACH UPWARD, GRASPING THE BILL OF A TINY WINDOW—

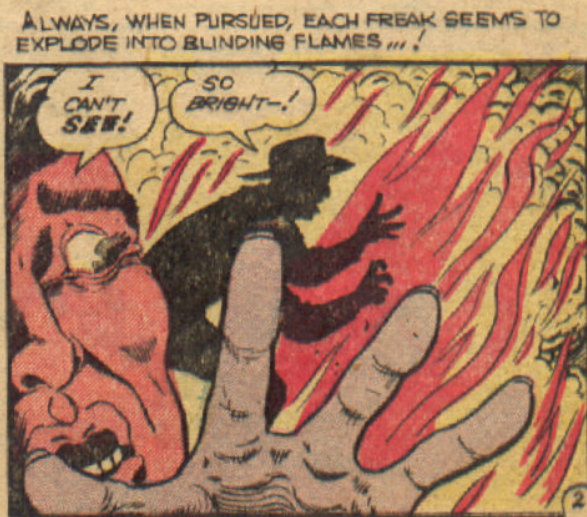
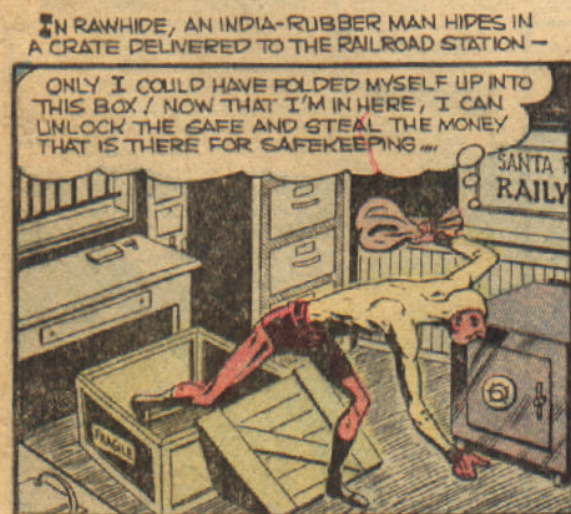
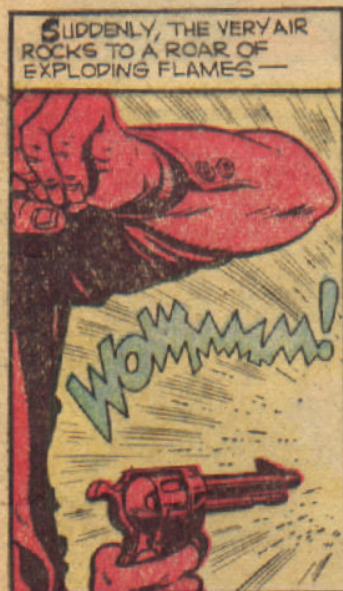
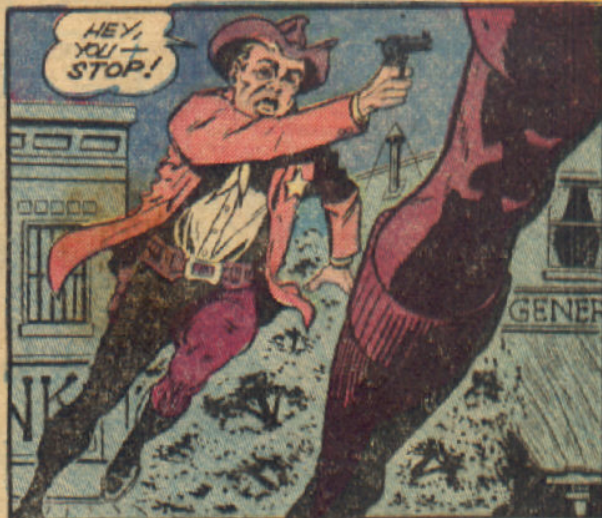
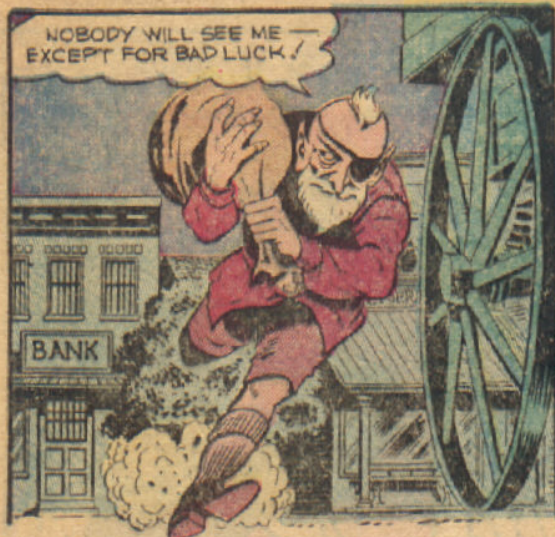


AND MOMENTS LATER—

HEE-HEE! THE FOOLS OUTSIDE WILL NEVER KNOW HOW THEIR BANK WAS ROBBED! THEY'LL NEVER THINK OF THAT SMALL WINDOW! NO ORDINARY MAN COULD ENTER THROUGH IT—



BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS



BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS

AND THEN ONE NIGHT, IN SADDLE GAP, AS THE "SNAKE WOMAN" IS LIFTING OUT A FORTUNE IN RARE COINS FROM A COLLECTOR'S SAFE //

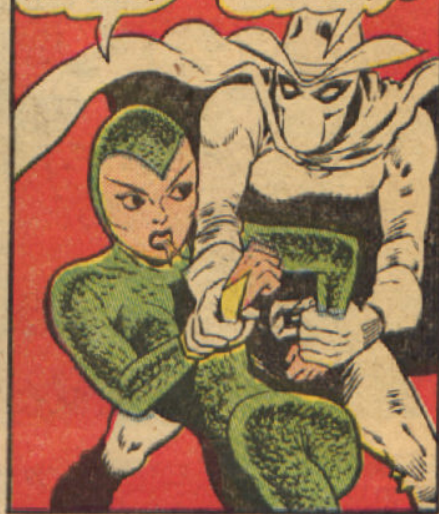


SSSSSS... WHO ARE YOU? MEN CALL ME THE GHOST RIDER! AND YOU? A REPTILE WOMAN — A HUMAN SNAKE!

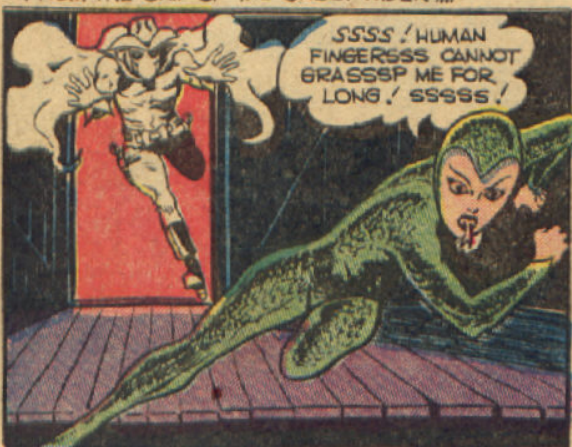


SSSSSS... RELEASSSE ME! SSSS!

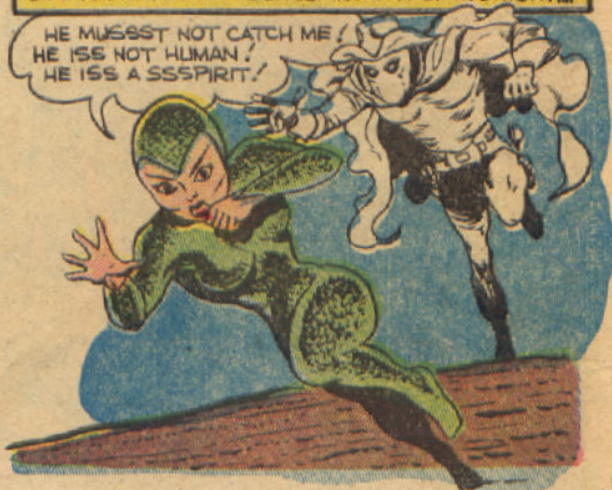
SHE SPEAKS! BUT HER TONGUE — IS FORKED!



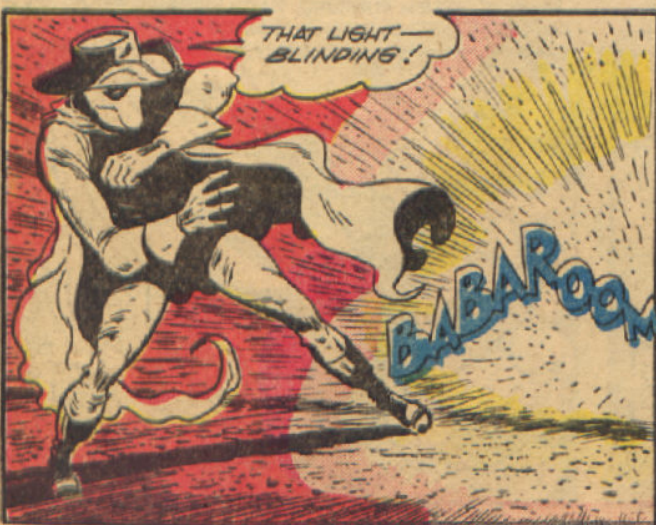
SNAKES ARE WILLOWY AND SLIPPERY, THE SNAKE WOMAN IS NO EXCEPTION! SHE TWISTS FREE FROM THE GRIP OF THE GHOST RIDER //



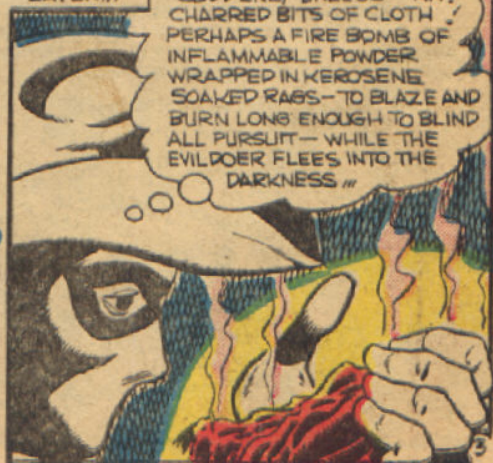
SLANTED EYES DILATED WITH TERROR, THE SNAKE GIRL FLEES FROM THE ONCOMING MAN OF MIDNIGHT //



THAT LIGHT — BLINDING!



MOMENTS LATER...



NO FIRE COULD START SO SUDDENLY UNLESS — AH! CHARRED BITS OF CLOTH! PERHAPS A FIRE BOMB OF INFLAMMABLE POWDER, WRAPPED IN KEROSENE SOAKED RAGS — TO BLAZE AND BURN LONG ENOUGH TO BLIND ALL PURSUIT — WHILE THE EVILDOER FLEES INTO THE DARKNESS //

BOBBY BENSON'S "B-BAR-B" RIDERS

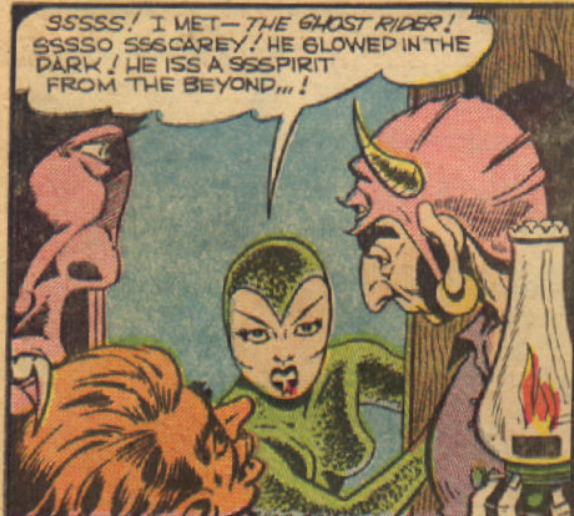
A LITTLE DISTANCE AWAY FROM THE PUZZLED GHOST RIDER, SLITHERING THROUGH THE BLACK NIGHT SO CLOSE TO THE GROUND THAT SHE SEEMS A PART OF IT, THE COBRA WOMAN SLIPS AWAY...



SHE GOES ONLY AS FAR AS A RED AND GILT SHOW WAGON WHICH LOOMS UP STRANGELY ON THE PRAIRIE...



SSSSS! I MET—THE GHOST RIDER! SSSSO SSSCAREY! HE GLOWED IN THE DARK! HE ISS A SSSPIRIT FROM THE BEYOND...



ZYRA! WE NEED YOUR HELP!

YOU HAVE HELPED US, SHELTERED US SAFE FROM THE WORLD OF NORMAL MEN AND WOMEN!

YOU HATE THEM ALL AND I DON'T BLAME YOU!



I HATE THEM, TOO! THAT IS WHY I HAVE COLLECTED YOU—YOU WHO ARE FEARED BY NORMAL PEOPLE BECAUSE YOU ARE DIFFERENT! TOGETHER, WE ROB THOSE PEOPLE! AND WE HAVE DONE PRETTY WELL, SO FAR!



WE WILL MAKE ONE MORE ROBBERY ATTEMPT! WE WILL THEN GO AWAY, TO SOME PLACE WHERE WE CAN LIVE COMFORTABLY, ON THE LOOT OF OUR MANY ROBBERIES!



NEXT NIGHT, IN THE COWTOWN OF LODGE CITY...

THIS IS OUR LAST HAUL, LITTLE MAN! BE SURE TO OPEN THE DOOR AND LET US IN!



I WILL, GIANT!

BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS



COME IN!
MANY CAN
CARRY WHAT I
CANNOT!

LOADED WITH BOOTY, THE FREAKS OF FEAR WHIRL AS
THE LODGE CITY SHERIFF LOOMS LARGE IN THE DOORWAY...



WHAT'S GOIN' ON IN HERE?
LORDY! WHAT KIND OF
THINGS ARE YOU?



QUICKLY NOW! OUT THE BACK WAY!
ALL OF USSES CAN ESSCAPE! SSSS!

WEDGED IN THE NARROW
DOOR, THE FAT LADY HALTS
ALL ATTEMPT AT PURSUIT...



I'M STUCK!

I'LL NEED A DERRICK TO GET
YOU LOOSE! BY THIS TIME,
THOSE OTHER FREAKS ARE
HALF A MILE AWAY!

CARPENTERS ARE ROUSED FROM
THEIR BEDS. THE COMMOTION
DRAWS ANOTHER FIGURE, THE GRIM
FORM OF THE GHOST RIDER...



AT LEAST
WE GOT ONE
OF 'EM!



LET
HER GO,
SHERIFF!

HUH? WHA—WHY,
IT'S
THE
GHOST RIDER!



IF WE
RELEASE
HER, SHE
WILL LEAD
ME TO THE
OTHERS!

HUH! I NEVER
THOUGHT OF
THAT! BY
GUM—IT'S
AN IDEA!
I'LL DO IT!

BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS

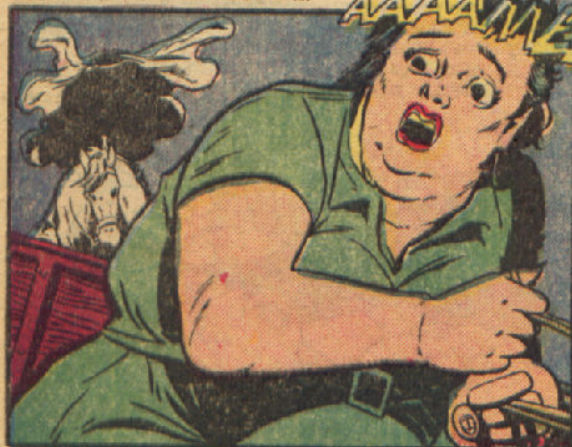
THE FAT LADY IS GIVEN A WAGON AND A TEAM OF HORSES. AT THE GALLOP SHE HEADS OFF INTO THE NIGHT...



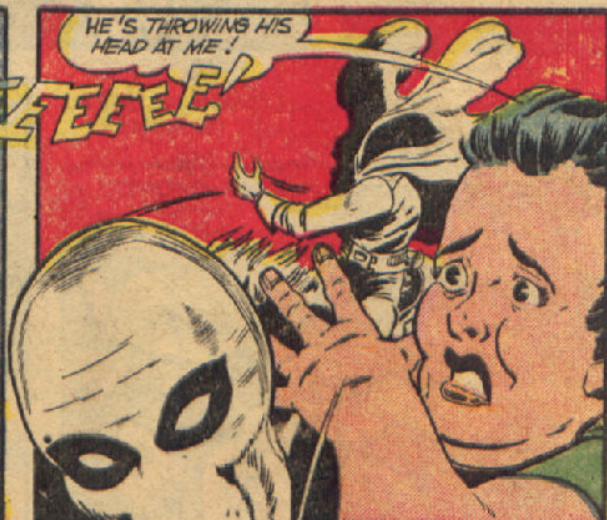
SHE DOES NOT SEE THE CLOAK-WRAPPED FIGURE THAT BLENDS WITH THE DEEPER SHADOWS —



SUDDENLY, AS THE WAGON LURCHES — A HEADLESS RIDER SWEEPS PAST HER HORRIFIED EYES...



HE'S THROWING HIS HEAD AT ME!



IN STARK PANIC, THE FAT LADY LASHES THE GALLOPING HORSES IN A MAD RACE ACROSS THE PLAINS...



GRIMLY, THE GHOST RIDER FOLLOWS —



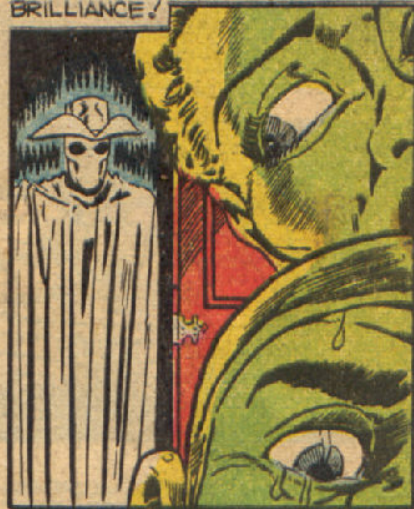
SOMEWHAT LATER, IN A LONELY SPOT ON THE PRAIRIE...



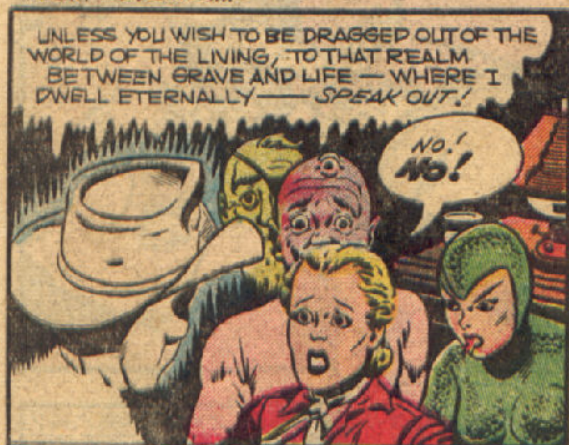
BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS



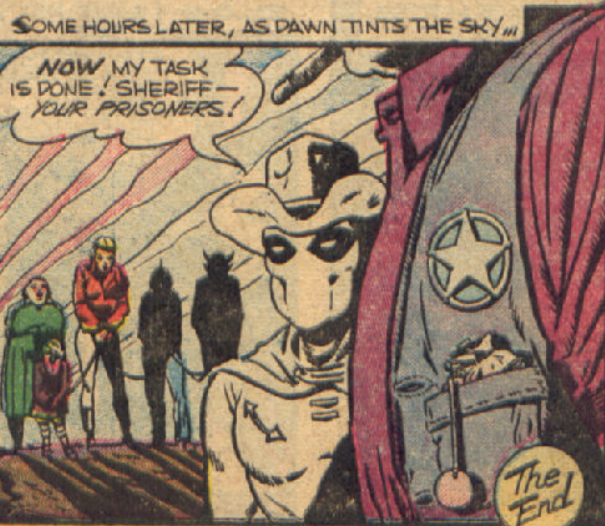
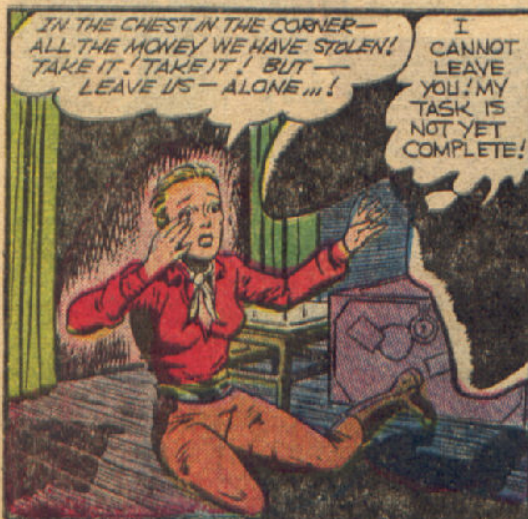
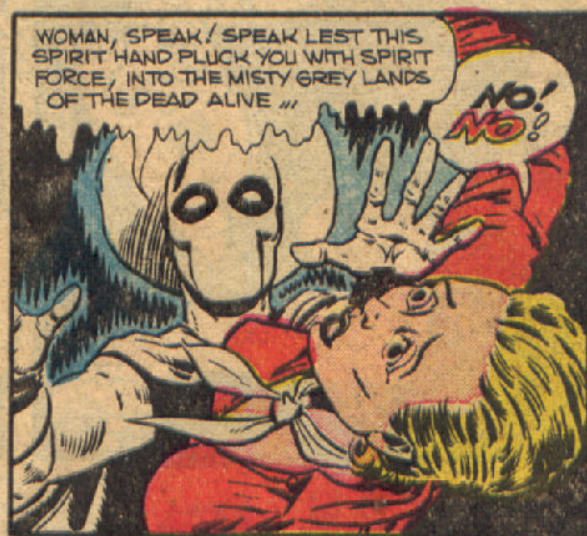
IN THE STRONG WIND THE LANTERNS FLICKER — DIE OUT, AND THE DARKNESS COMES ALIVE WITH GLOWING BRILLIANCE!



TERROR PILES ON TERROR! THIS IS NO MORTAL IN THE SHOW WAGON! THIS MUST BE A BEING FROM BEYOND...



WOMAN, SPEAK! SPEAK LEST THIS SPIRIT HAND PLUCK YOU WITH SPIRIT FORCE, INTO THE MISTY GREY LANDS OF THE DEAD ALIVE...

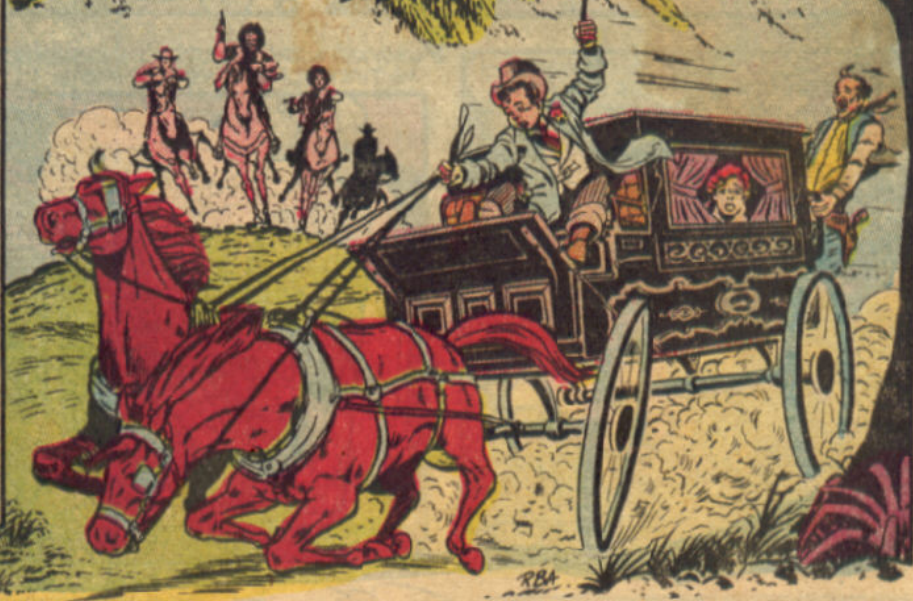


BOBBY BENSON'S

B-BAR-B RIDERS

THIS IS THE EPIC
OF A LONG RIDE DOWN
A TRAIL OF TERROR.
IT BEGINS IN A BUS —
BUT ENDS IN A HEARSE!
GREEDY GUNGLICKS
WAIT IN AMBUSH AND A
DEAD MAN'S TREASURE
HAUNTS THE TURNS!
BUT BOBBY BENSON
TAKES THE REINS
AND RIDES THE TERROR
TRAIL, FLINGING A
CHALLENGE TO THE
CURSE OF DANGER
AND DEATH, DETERMINED
TO —

**RIDE
THAT
HEARSE!**



BOBBY BENSON AND WINDY WALES
ARE ON THEIR WAY BACK FROM A
COUNTRY FAIR...

TARNATION! THIS BUS RIDES WUSS'N
A LOCOWEED-FED BRONC! LAST TIME
I GIT HORNSWOGGLED INTUH TAKIN'
THESE BACKTRAIL HACKS!

THE HIGHWAY
BUGS WERE ALL
FILLED UP,
WINDY.

POSSOWIT!
THAR WE GO—
STOPPIN'
AGIN!

THESE SIDE-TRAIL
BUSES PICK UP
PASSENGERS
ANYPLACE,
I GUESS.



BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS



ALL RIGHT, FOLKS—REACH!

YIPES! THEY AIN'T PASSENGERS—IT'S A STICKUP!



THIS IS HER ALL RIGHT. COME ON, LADY—IT'S YOU WE WANT!

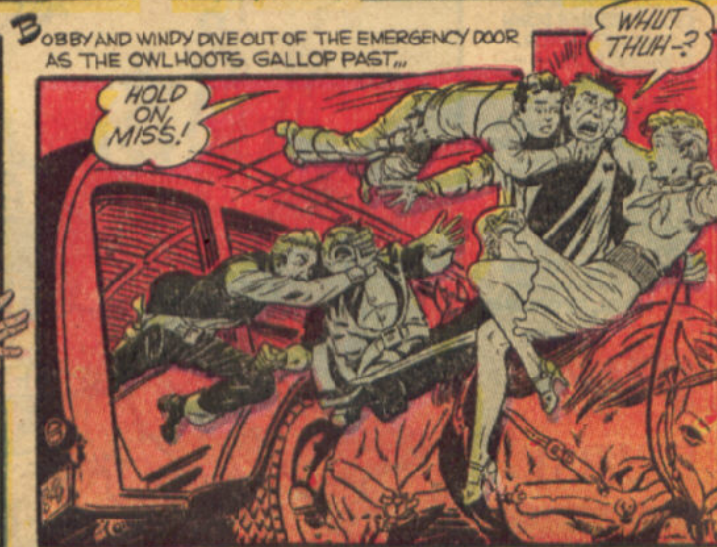
WHAT—WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?

COME ON, PARDNER, MOVE FAST! GRAB THAT DAME AN' LET'S GIT TUP OUR HOSSES TIED IN THUH BUSHES!



THEY WUZNT INTERESTED IN MONEY—THEY WANTED THET GAL! THUH BUZZARDS! THEIR GITTIN' ON THEIR HOSSES NOW AN'...

QUICK, WINDY—THIS WAY! THE EMERGENCY DOOR IN THE REAR...



BOBBY AND WINDY DIVE OUT OF THE EMERGENCY DOOR AS THE OWLHOOTS GALLOP PAST...

HOLD ON, MISS!

WHUT THUH-?



KEEP YOUR HEAD LOW, MISS—WE'LL BE OUT OF GUNSHOT IN A MINUTE!

YAHOO! THEM BADHATS SHORE WUZ SURPRISED! WHUT YUH FIGGER THEY WANTED YUH FER, MISS?

I DON'T KNOW—HONEST! I'VE NEVER EVEN BEEN NEAR HERE BEFORE! I'M VISITING MY UNCLE, RAFF PADGETT, IN BLUE PATCH. HE'S THE ONLY RELATIVE I'VE GOT LEFT IN THE WORLD AND I HAVEN'T HEARD FROM HIM FOR A LONG TIME...



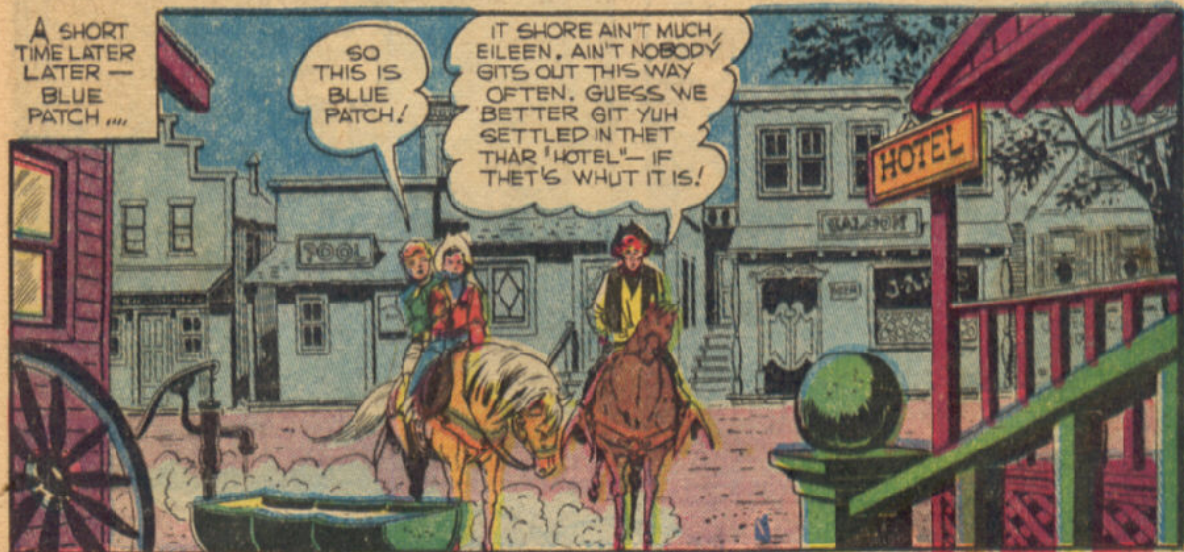
IT'S NOT LIKE HIM TO STOP WRITING. I'M WORRIED... BY THE WAY, MY NAME'S EILEEN PADGETT—AND I'M MIGHTY GRATEFUL TO YOU.

BLUE PATCH IS JUST OVER THESE HILLS. LET'S GO!



BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS

A SHORT
TIME LATER
LATER —
BLUE
PATCH

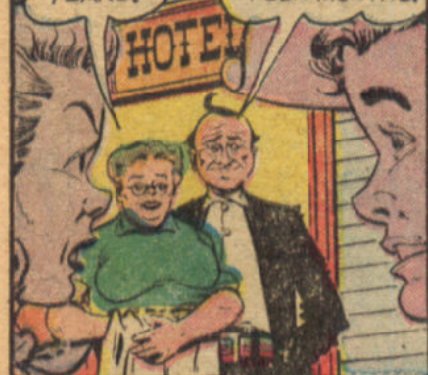


SO
THIS IS
BLUE
PATCH!

IT SHORE AIN'T MUCH
EILEEN. AIN'T NOBODY
GITS OUT THIS WAY
OFTEN. GUESS WE
BETTER GIT YUH
SETTLED IN THET
THAR 'HOTEL'— IF
THET'S WHUT IT IS!

SAKES ALIVE—
A CUSTOMER!
WE AIN'T HAD A
GUEST IN THIS
HOTEL FER NIGH
ONTO FIVE
YEARS!

SO YUH'RE OL'
RAFE PADGETT'S
NIECE! AIN'T IT
A SHAME— PORE
OL' RAFE'S BEEN
DAID THESE
FOUR MONTHS!



FOUL PLAY EF YUH ASK ME!
RAFE GOT BLASTED T'UH
SMITHEREENS BY A CHARGE
O' DYNAMITE IN HIS OWN GOLD
MINE! SOME FOLKS SAY HE
WAS CARELESS— BUT I SAY
'T WAS **DIRTY WORK!**

GOLD
MINE!



THET'S RIGHT, YOUNG
FELLER— A GOLD MINE!
AN' SINCE NO NEXT O' KIN'S
COME TUH CLAIM IT, IT'S
GOIN' UP FER AUCTION
TOMORROW MORNING AT
EIGHT A.M. IN WARREN!



NOW IT MAKES SENSE! YOU'RE THE HEIRESS
TO THAT GOLD MINE, EILEEN— AND **SOMEBODY'S**
TRYING TO KEEP YOU FROM IT SO THEY CAN
BUY IT AT AUCTION TOMORROW! **LET'S GO!**



WARREN'S TWENTY MILES OVER
THUH PASS— WE KIN MAKE IT
BY MORNIN' EF THUH HOSSES
HOLD OUT...

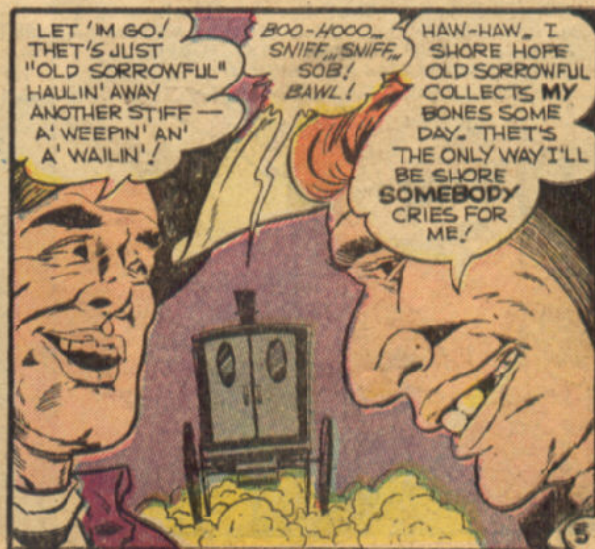
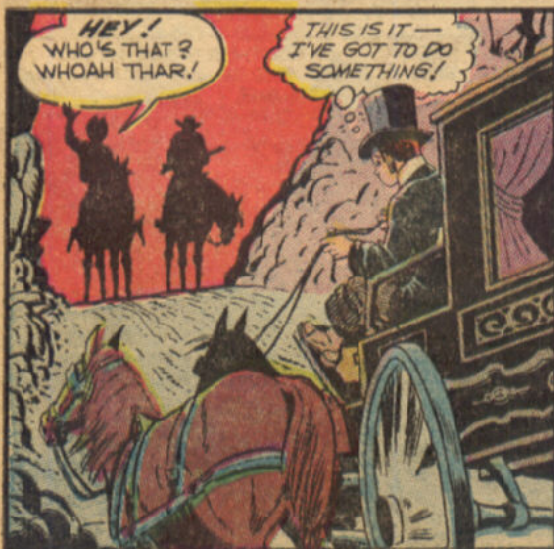
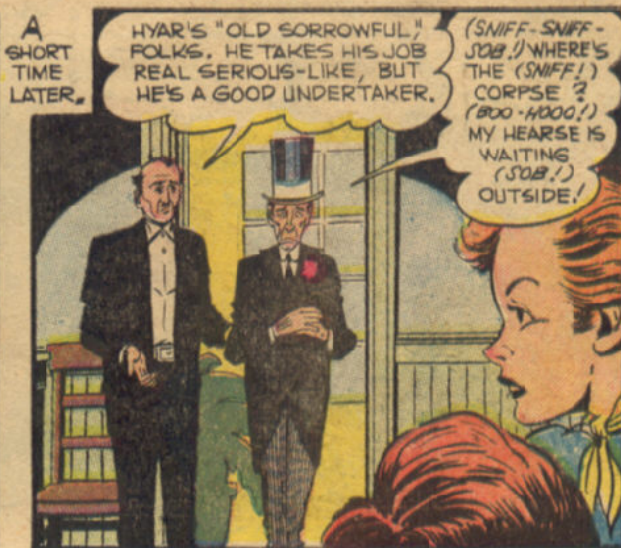
**BUT—
THE
HORSES
ARE
GONE!**



BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS



BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS

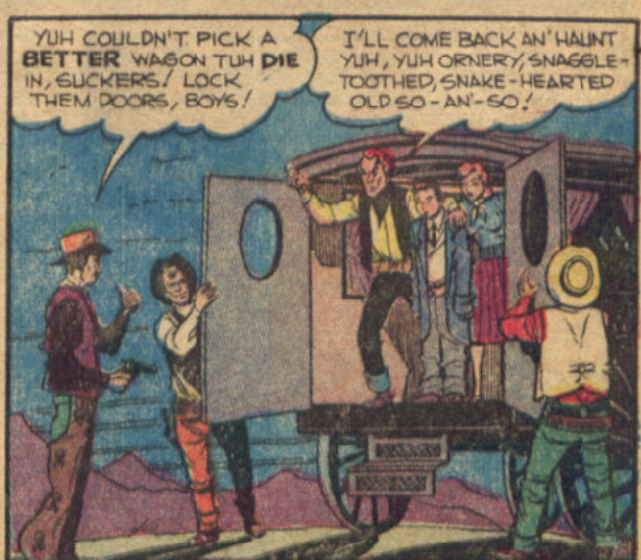
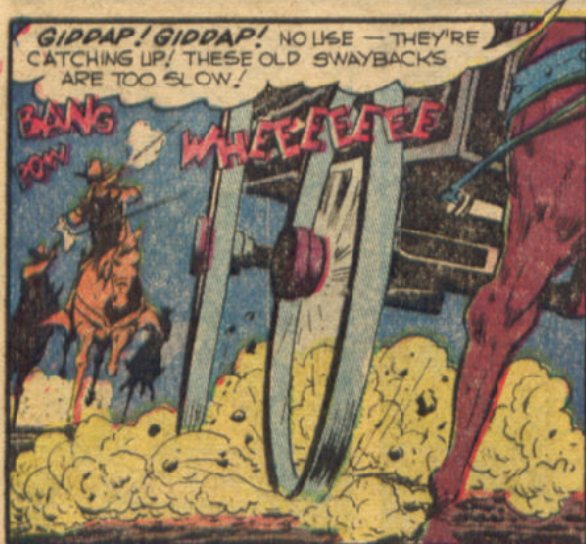


BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS

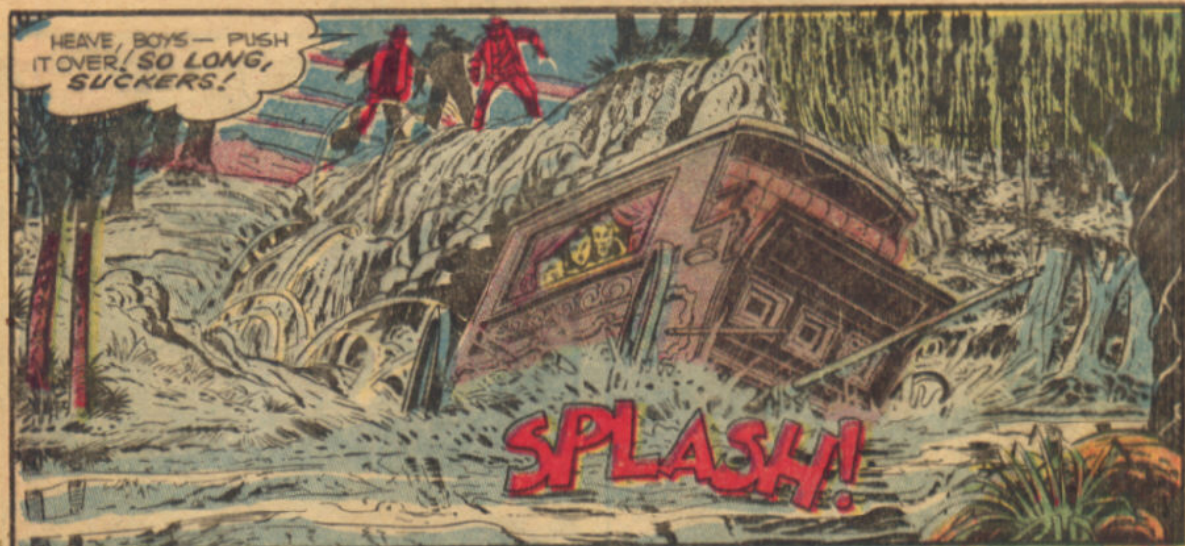
BOBBY KEEPS HIS HORSES IN CHECK FOR ABOUT A MILE AND THEN...



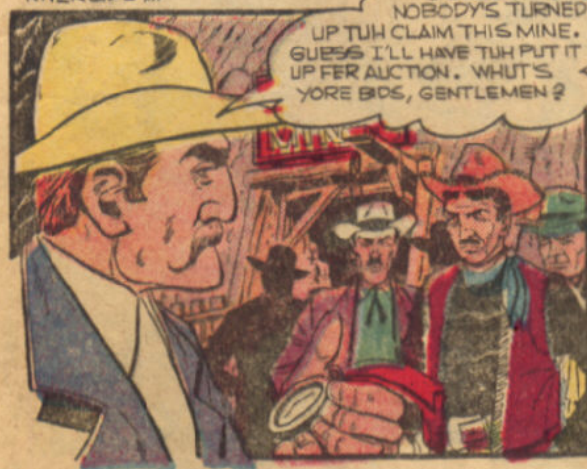
BUT SOME TIME LATER—NEAR THE PASS...



BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS



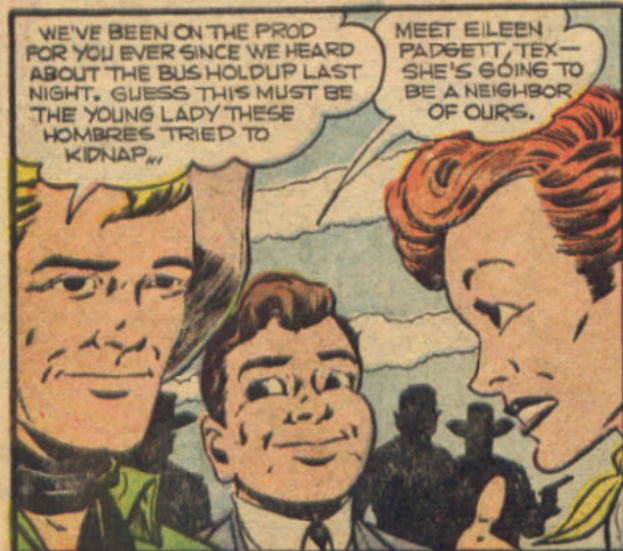
NEXT MORNING — AT THE ENTRANCE TO RAFF PADGETT'S MINE ALONG THE RIVERSIDE



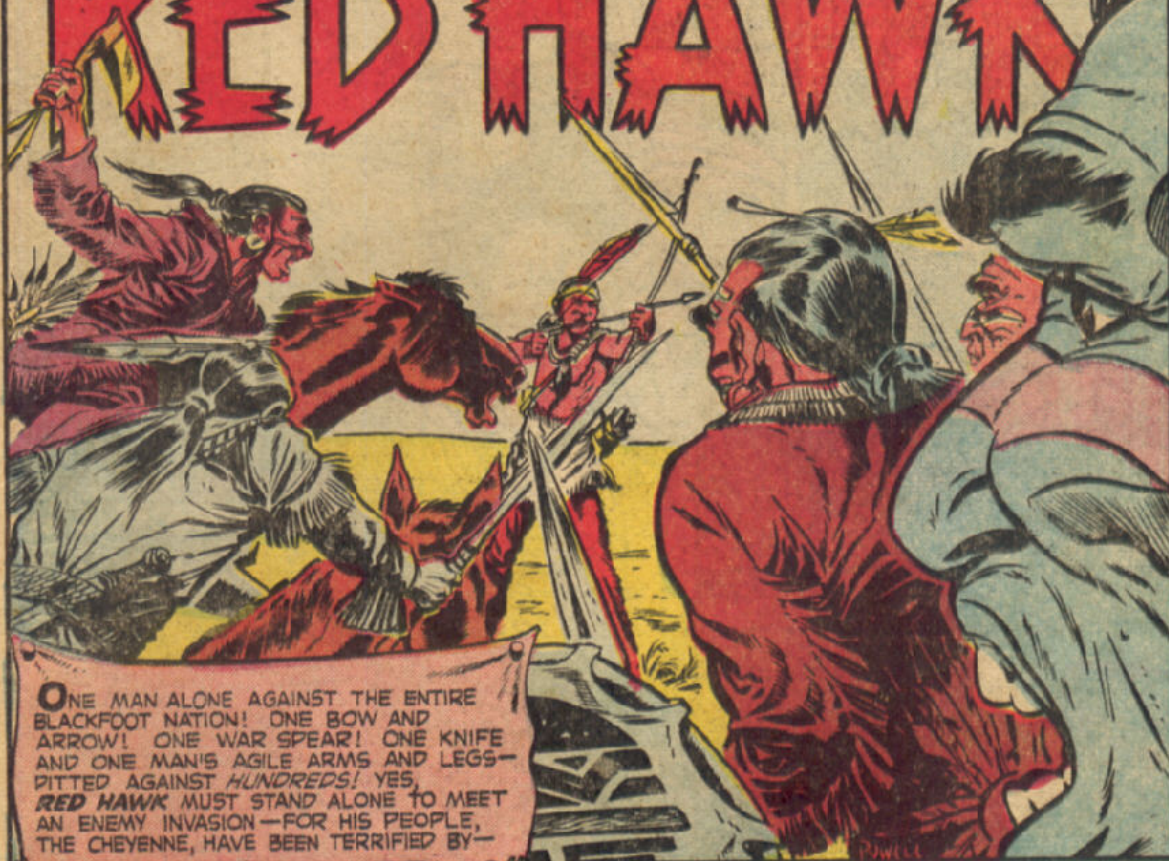
BUT SUDDENLY!



BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS



RED HAWK



ONE MAN ALONE AGAINST THE ENTIRE BLACKFOOT NATION! ONE BOW AND ARROW! ONE WAR SPEAR! ONE KNIFE AND ONE MAN'S AGILE ARMS AND LEGS—PITTED AGAINST HUNDREDS! YES, **RED HAWK** MUST STAND ALONE TO MEET AN ENEMY INVASION—FOR HIS PEOPLE, THE CHEYENNE, HAVE BEEN TERRIFIED BY—

THE GHOST BUFFALO

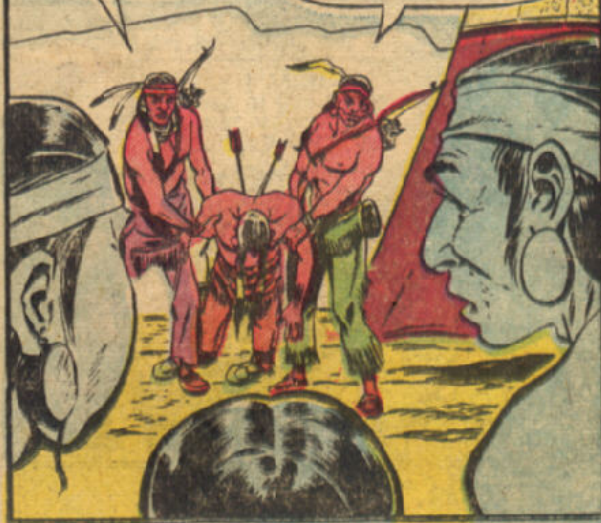
HERE AND THERE ON THE GRASSY PLAINS OF THE OLD WEST, BEFORE THE COMING OF THE WHITE MAN, A **WHITE BUFFALO** WAS SEEN FROM TIME TO TIME...



VENERATED AS A SYMBOL OF GOOD FORTUNE — A MESSENGER OF THE GREAT WAKAN TANKA — A **WHITE BUFFALO** WAS SACRED TO ALL THE PLAINS TRIBES. BUT, ONE DAY —

LIMPING DOG HAS BEEN SHOT!

HE SAW A **WHITE BUFFALO** — AND THE WAKAN TANKA STRUCK HIM DOWN...



BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS

FEAR SHOWED PLAINLY IN THE EYES OF TALL CALF, CHEYENNE MEDICINE-MAN, AS HE LISTENED TO LIMPING DOG...

A GREAT WHITE BUFFALO... LARGER THAN ANY EVER SEEN... NO SOONER DID I SEE HIM THAN... ARROWS CAME FLYING...

SACRED ARROWS! WE HAVE DISPLEASED THE WAKAN TANKA!

IT MAY NOT BE AS LIMPING DOG SAYS. PERHAPS ENEMIES ARE IN THE COUNTRY! I WILL FORM A WAR PARTY AND GO FIND THIS BUFFALO!

IT IS NO USE! THE WAKAN TANKA VEILS HIS FACE FROM US!

BUT RUNNING WOLF TOOK HIS WAR BAND INTO BUFFALO LAND—



THERE STOOD THE GREAT WHITE BUFFALO, A KING OF HIS KIND—



AND THEN, OUT OF THE EMPTY AIR CAME A FLIGHT OF WAR ARROWS...

Aiiii!

TALL CALF SPOKE TRUTH! THERE IS NO ENEMY—THESE ARE GHOST SHAFTS!



AS THE WOUNDED SURVIVORS TOLD THEIR STORY, TALL CALF SHOUTED ABOVE THE MOANS OF THE FRIGHTENED VILLAGERS...

IT IS AS I SAID! THIS LAND IS ACCURSED! THE WAKAN TANKA WARNS US! WE MUST LEAVE IT!



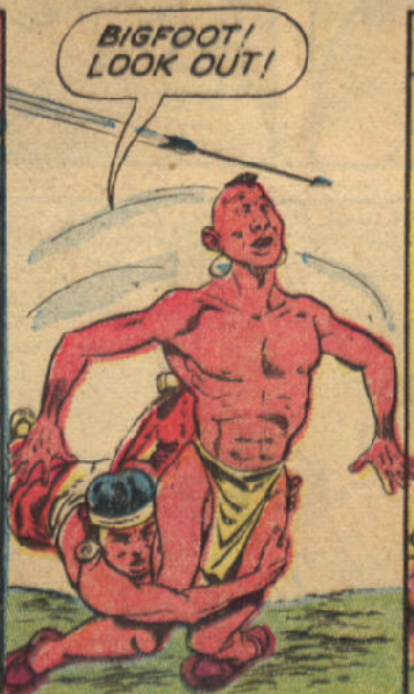
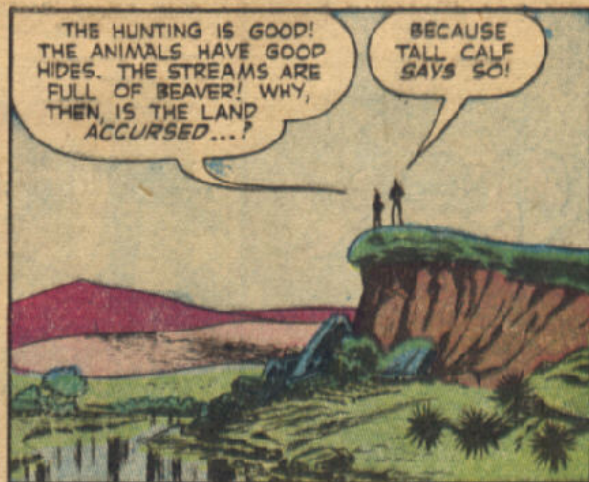
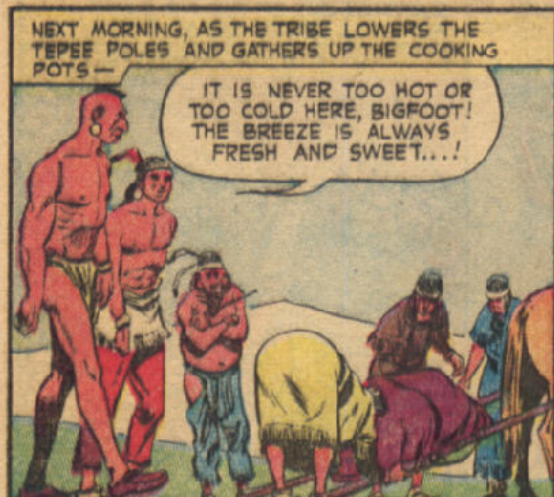
ONLY TWO WARRIORS GRUNT IN DISBELIEF. THEIR EYES SEEK EACH OTHER ABOVE THEIR BLANKETS...

THIS IS A GOOD LAND! THERE IS SOMETHING WRONG, BIGFOOT!

UGH! RED HAWK SPEAKS TRUE WORDS!



BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS



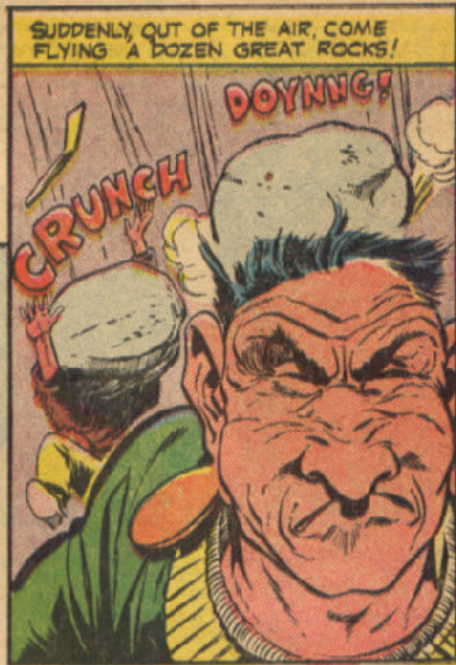
BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS



SO! SNEAKING
COYOTE...!



ONE LONE CHEYENNE!
KILL HIM!



SUDDENLY, OUT OF THE AIR, COME
FLYING A DOZEN GREAT ROCKS!

DOYNNING!
CRUNCH



BIGFOOT
SMASH 'EM
ALL!



DRIVEN BACK BY THESE MADMEN WHO FIGHT WITH THE
STRENGTH AND FURY OF TEN GRIZZLY BEARS, THE
BLACKFEET FLEE...

NOW WE KNOW THE TRUTH!
THE BLACKFEET PAINTED A BUFFALO
AND SHOT OUR WARRIORS—TO FRIGHTEEN
US INTO MOVING FROM THIS LAND...
THAT THEY WANT FOR THEMSELVES...!



RED HAWK
SOON
DISCOVERS
THAT
KNOWING
THE TRUTH
AND
CONVINCING
DOUBTERS
OF IT, ARE
DIFFERENT
THINGS...

I TELL YOU, IT WAS
NO TRUE GHOST
BUFFALO, BUT A
BLACKFOOT TRICK!

YOU LIE!
GO AWAY...!

BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS

TALL CALF IS AFRAID HE WILL LOSE FACE IF HE ADMITS THAT HE WAS WRONG! SO BE IT! ALONE, I WILL FIGHT THE BLACKFEET!

AND SO, AS ADVANCE SCOUTS OF THE INVADING TRIBE COME IN-TO WHAT WAS ONCE CHEYENNE COUNTRY...

WAR ARROWS HISS AND THUD WITH DEADLY ACCURACY—



A THROWN WARCLUB STRIKES WITH THE SPEED AND FURY OF THE HUNTING EAGLE...

THE BLACKFEET MAY OWN THIS LAND— BUT I GO WITH IT!



HERE I KEEP THE BLACKFEET WARRIORS I CAPTURE! ALONE, BIGFOOT AND I FIGHT YOUR ENTIRE TRIBE—AND WE WIN!



ON HIS FLEET PONY, RED HAWK, ALLOWS HIMSELF TO BE SIGHTED AND CHASED...

ONE MAN CAN DO A LOT OF HARM TO A TRIBE—WHEN HE WANTS TO!



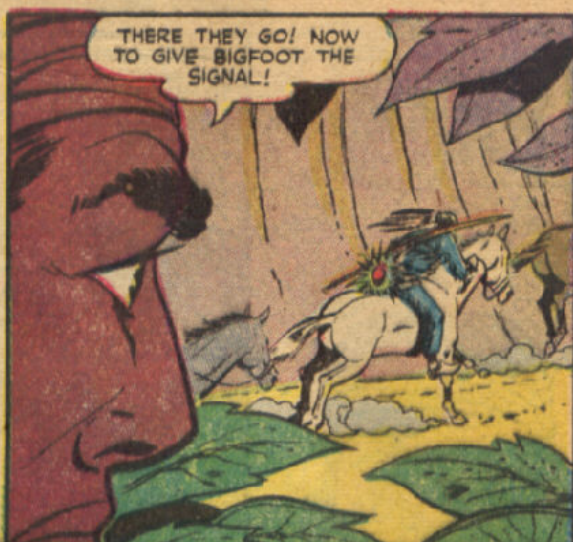
AT FULL GALLOP, CRAZY WITH RAGE, WAR-PAINTED BLACKFEET FOLLOW HIM INTO THE CANYONS...



BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS



THEY WILL GALLOP
PAST IN A MOMENT—



THERE THEY GO! NOW
TO GIVE BIGFOOT THE
SIGNAL!



UP ABOVE THE NARROW CANYON
ENTRANCE, BIGFOOT THRUSTS HIS
SHOULDERS AGAINST A GREAT
STICK—

WHEN THE STICK UNLOCKS
THE LOGS—THE FALLING ROCKS
WILL CLOSE THE ENTRANCE
TO THE BOX CANYON...!



THEY ARE PENNED LIKE
DOGS IN A ROPE CORRAL!
KEEP THEM THERE, BIGFOOT!
I HAVE ANOTHER TASK
TO PERFORM!



SOON—

A LITTLE WHITE PAINT
ON THIS OLD BUFFALO—
AND I HAVE A GHOST
BUFFALO OF MY OWN!



NEXT DAY, IN THE NEW HOME OF THE CHEYENNE
PEOPLE...

LOOK, TALL CALF!
A GHOST BUFFALO!
YOU SEE? NEITHER
YOU NOR I AM
HARMED!

AIE! IT IS AS YOU
SAY! THE WAKAN TANKA
HAS TURNED HIS FACE
TOWARD US AGAIN!



IN THE CHEYENNE VILLAGE...

WE ARE FORGIVEN!
NOW WE CAN RETURN
TO OUR OLD HOME!

A HOME THAT HAS BEEN
STOLEN BY BLACKFOOT
TRICKERY! LIFT UP
YOUR BOWS! RAISE
YOUR SPEARS! LET'S
GO GET IT BACK!

BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS

AT THE GALLOP, RED HAWK LEADS THE WARRIORS
ALONG THE WAR TRAIL...



AIIIIYEEE-HAAAA!
THERE ARE THE BLACKFOOT
THIEVES! ATTACK!



WITH THE CHEYENNE WAR CRY REVERBERATING
FROM TEEPEE TO TEEPEE, VENGEFUL WARRIORS
HIT THE BLACKFOOT CAMP WITH SAVAGE FURY!



IN PANIC, THE BLACKFEET FLEE...

IF *ONE* CHEYENNE WARRIOR CAPTURED
OUR GREATEST BRAVES—WHAT CHANCE
HAVE WE AGAINST *ALL* THE CHEYENNE
FIGHTING MEN?



IN HEADLONG FLIGHT, THE
INVADING REDSKINS FLEE—



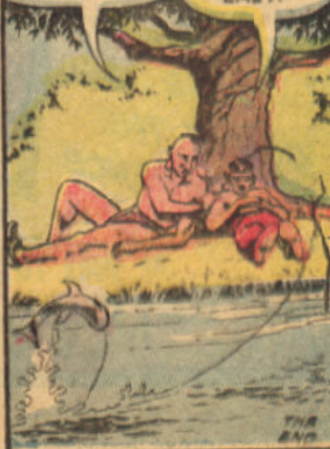
CAPTURED BRAVES ARE RELEASED—



AND ONCE AGAIN, PEACE COMES TO
THE CHEYENNE COUNTRY...

WAKE UP, RED
HAWK! YOU'VE
CAUGHT A FISH!

LIFT HIM
OUT, BIGFOOT!
I'M TOO
LAZY!



Cowboys! Cowgirls!

HERE'S WHAT THE **B-Bar-B** RIDERS CHEW!

BOY! **CHICLETS** ARE FOR ME!
THEY'RE FLAVORED ON
THE OUTSIDE **AND**
THE INSIDE! THE
FLAVOR LASTS AND
LASTS! AND YOU
GET **12** OF 'EM FOR
ONLY A NICKEL!



Bobby Benson

PARDNERS, I'M MIGHTY
PROUD OF
THESE WHITE
TEETH. THAT'S
WHY I CHEW
DENTYNE
TO HELP
KEEP THEM
THAT WAY!



Tex

THUH ONLY BREATHLESS
MOMENTS OL'
WINDY EVER HAS
IS WHEN AH'M
CHAWIN' THIS
HERE **DENTYNE**...
THUH GUM WITH
THUH (GASP)
BREATH-TAKIN'
FLAVOR!



Windy

UMM! ME GO
'LONG WITH
LITTLE BOSS.
ME LOVE
CHICLETS
CANDY-COATED
GUM.



Harka

TASTE...
TIME...
COUNT THE
DIFFERENCE



STILL ONLY

5¢

THE GUM
WITH THE
BREATH-TAKING
FLAVOR!

BE SURE TO LISTEN TO THE COWBOY KID - "BOBBY BENSON".
EVERY SUNDAY AFTERNOON ON COAST-TO-COAST MUTUAL NETWORK!
See your paper for time and station

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Please state age of youngster getting Outfit _____

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